

The Ohio Democrat.

LOGAN, 1 OHIO.

THE SONG OF THE CLOCK.

Stay, master, a moment, and hear me, I pray.
And mark what I say.
For you have hailed me by day and by night,
To bid you do right, do right.

Yet little you heed my monotonous song,
Which warns against wrong.
You forget that you have with each moment's swift flight,
Less time to repent and do right.

From daylight to darkness, from darkness to dawn,
I continue to warn.
I'm a time-piece, 'tis true, but my chiefest delight
Is to bid you do right, do right.

Each vibrating pulse of my being is fraught,
With serious thought.
For I know that each tick of mine heralds the flight
Of a soul into darkness—do right, do right.

What though the heart's sorrows, and passions, and strife
Should darken your life,
Gaze steadily upward, where promises bright
Beam calmly for those that do right, do right.

Though famelike, 'ere sunless, industrious, true,
And so should be you.
Would you have a heart that doubts and joyous
Tries, yet to do right, do right.

Then, say not my pleading, good master and friend,
For you may depend
That the dawn of true happiness follows the night
Of the day of resolve to do right, do right.

—W. D. Burrows, in "You'll's Companion."

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

It Was Settled to the Satisfaction of All.

Young Versuill had just received his commission as Lieutenant in a cavalry regiment stationed at Metz. Versuill was a tall, handsome and courageous. His epaulettes, the sword which gleamed at his side, and the uniform which gleamed at his side, so admirably, thrilled him with joyful anticipation. But now the time has arrived for him to join his regiment, and he must bid farewell, perhaps forever, to his dear, sweet Ernestine, whom he loves more than fame, more than life, almost more than honor.

Ernestine resided at Chalons with her mother, Madame de Barville, their modest establishment being under the charge of an old servant. These two ladies were interesting through their merits, and also on account of their situation, which was unfortunate. Ernestine was a young woman, in order to procure for her mother those luxuries to which she had formerly been accustomed, and which she now found necessary.

Versuill saw Ernestine and could not help loving one so amiable and beautiful. He was generally admired and esteemed, and Madame de Barville saw no reason to forbid his attentions, especially as the young man was entire master of his own actions and fortune, and had fully explained his intentions. However, Madame de Barville, a lady of prudence and delicacy, counseled some delay. "My dear Versuill," she said, "you should not without thorough consideration, thus bind yourself for life. Of course we feel deeply honored by your love for Ernestine, but, although poor, we are not to be trifled with. You must endeavor to assure to my child a position which you might one day regret having given her. A career of distinction lies before you. Serve your country and your King, and when you understand your sentiments and find that your mind approves them, I will not oppose your love, but let time pass. Versuill, with the most heartfelt emotion, assured Madame de Barville that his affection for Ernestine would endure while life remained.

During his journey to Metz he thought constantly of Ernestine. On his arrival he was welcomed with the utmost cordiality by all the officers of the regiment. This reception flattered his self-love, and his spirits, which had been depressed since his parting from Ernestine, recovered something of their natural buoyancy. In the evening he attended a military banquet. The repast was excellent, the wines of the province prevailed, and the conversation was of a kind which is always noticeable in soldiers' gatherings. Soon the mirth became excessive. The spirits of the guests sparkled like the wine which flowed unceasingly. They strove to intoxicate the newcomer, who thought himself obliged to respond to every toast.

Versuill, unaccustomed to this riotous kind of life, began to lose his self-control, and ere long was so far gone as to know nothing of what he said or did. Excited by the champagne and the jests of his friends, his recklessness soon passed the bounds of propriety. Finding him as the same table was an old officer, who, though seventy-six years of age, still held only the position of Lieutenant. This was the Chevalier de Montluc, a worthy man full of honor and simplicity, but perhaps a little peculiar in dress and manner. Throughout his fifty years of service he had been admired by the officers of his regiment and had won the respect of all, although poverty had always kept him in an inferior rank.

The Chevalier de Montluc smiled indulgently at the talk of the young men, and replied pleasantly to their sallies so long as they came within proper bounds. The almost rustic simplicity of his appearance struck the muddled fancy of young Versuill, and he addressed some impertinent remarks to this respectable officer, forgetting his age, and not yet aware of his merits. As though that a youth and a stranger should so wantonly insult an old man, struck him as in the highest degree ridiculous. He gave unreservedly away to all the foolish ideas suggested by chance and champagne, and at last gave expression to a witless remark which delighted him at the time, but was fated to cost him dear.

Soon after the hour for retiring arrived and the company dispersed. Versuill went immediately to bed and fell into a sound sleep, like a man at the close of a well-spent day. The next morning he rose early, but his mind was not so cheerful as usual. His first thoughts were of his dear Ernestine, and he reproached himself with having, while far from her, yielded a moment to forgetfulness. He felt a presentiment that he should never see her again, and a vague unrest, for which he could find no cause, troubled and perplexed him.

His servant entered and handed him a letter; he recognized the hand of Madame de Barville. With what haste he opened the welcome missive! He would have been of Ernestine, who, perhaps had added a few words. He was filled with delight and all his reflections were banished. This was the letter:

Pardon me, my dear Versuill, for having until now withheld from you a secret. You certainly merit our entire confidence, but our circumstances have rendered it necessary for which my heart has reproached me. In believing me the widow of a veteran soldier, I have been able to maintain still life, and is near you in your regiment. I continue to wait for you, and I am attracted to the Chevalier de Montluc. He is a brave man, honor and loyalty personified. He is devoted to duty, and his wife, and if so many reasons do not suffice to make you love and respect him, he is the father of my child. He is a noble man, and his name is an honorable name which we consider it our duty not to bear. I am sure that you will find him worthy of your love. I am sure that you will find him worthy of your love. I am sure that you will find him worthy of your love.

To her mother's letter Ernestine had added a few words: "I will measure the love of Versuill by the care he gives to my father."

It would be difficult to describe the impression made by this letter upon Versuill. He blushed and was distressed while he yet imperfectly remembered the scene of the previous evening. He understood the meaning of his mother's words. What this old officer whom yesterday in a fit of drunkenness he had treated with such want of consideration the father of Ernestine!

Gradually he recalled all his foolish jests and realized how inexcusable it was. He understood the meaning of his mother's words. What this old officer whom yesterday in a fit of drunkenness he had treated with such want of consideration the father of Ernestine!

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"Ah! Monsieur," he said, "do not interrupt me! If you find this discourse over long I will abridge it. You insulted me, Monsieur de Versuill, and I have come to demand satisfaction. You have insulted me, Monsieur de Versuill, and I have come to demand satisfaction. You have insulted me, Monsieur de Versuill, and I have come to demand satisfaction.

"Yes! Good Heavens!" cried the old officer, coldly. "Did you think, sir, that you were attacking a weak and defenseless old man? You were gravely mistaken. Honor is never powerless. It can always find means to punish insult, and I will not oppose your love, but let time pass. Versuill, with the most heartfelt emotion, assured Madame de Barville that his affection for Ernestine would endure while life remained.

"Blow out your brains! Better a thousand times perish," cried Versuill, beside himself, walking the floor in violent agitation. "I will not spare me. Monsieur de Versuill, good morning. This evening at eight o'clock we will meet upon the rampart; bring a friend."

With these words the Chevalier de Montluc departed, leaving the door ajar and leaving the unfortunate Versuill in the deepest distress. Alas! Against whom was he about to fight? Against the man whom he ought most to reverence and protect; against an old man; against the father of one so dear to him!

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"Blow out your brains! Better a thousand times perish," cried Versuill, beside himself, walking the floor in violent agitation. "I will not spare me. Monsieur de Versuill, good morning. This evening at eight o'clock we will meet upon the rampart; bring a friend."

With these words the Chevalier de Montluc departed, leaving the door ajar and leaving the unfortunate Versuill in the deepest distress. Alas! Against whom was he about to fight? Against the man whom he ought most to reverence and protect; against an old man; against the father of one so dear to him!

"No, no!" he said to himself. "I will not accept the duel. I am not; I must not accept it, but then, what would my comrades say? What would Monsieur de Montluc think of me? Alas, what can I do?"

The Chevalier de Montluc, who, perhaps had added a few words. He was filled with delight and all his reflections were banished. This was the letter:

Pardon me, my dear Versuill, for having until now withheld from you a secret. You certainly merit our entire confidence, but our circumstances have rendered it necessary for which my heart has reproached me. In believing me the widow of a veteran soldier, I have been able to maintain still life, and is near you in your regiment. I continue to wait for you, and I am attracted to the Chevalier de Montluc. He is a brave man, honor and loyalty personified. He is devoted to duty, and his wife, and if so many reasons do not suffice to make you love and respect him, he is the father of my child. He is a noble man, and his name is an honorable name which we consider it our duty not to bear. I am sure that you will find him worthy of your love. I am sure that you will find him worthy of your love. I am sure that you will find him worthy of your love.

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To her mother's letter Ernestine had added a few words: "I will measure the love of Versuill by the care he gives to my father."

It would be difficult to describe the impression made by this letter upon Versuill. He blushed and was distressed while he yet imperfectly remembered the scene of the previous evening. He understood the meaning of his mother's words. What this old officer whom yesterday in a fit of drunkenness he had treated with such want of consideration the father of Ernestine!

Gradually he recalled all his foolish jests and realized how inexcusable it was. He understood the meaning of his mother's words. What this old officer whom yesterday in a fit of drunkenness he had treated with such want of consideration the father of Ernestine!

He was reflecting upon the means of repairing this injury he heard a knock at the door and the servant announced the Chevalier de Montluc. At this name, at this unexpected visit, Versuill was almost petrified with astonishment. He could not believe that the Chevalier de Montluc, who had been so kind to him, should come to him at this hour. He opened the door and found the Chevalier de Montluc standing before him. The Chevalier de Montluc, who had been so kind to him, should come to him at this hour. He opened the door and found the Chevalier de Montluc standing before him.

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